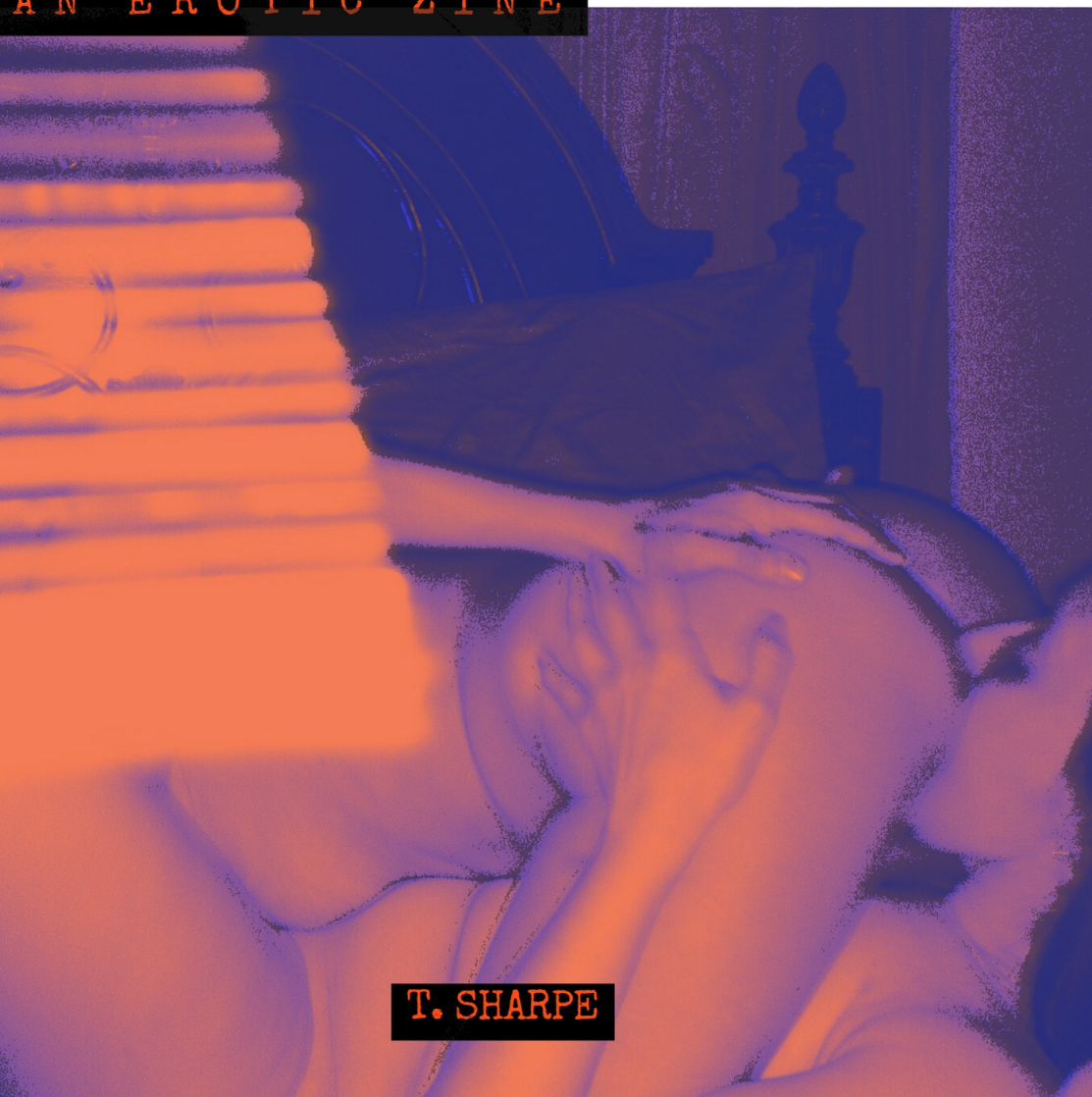
THE MIDDLY DESK

AN EROTIC ZINE

Vol 1. Issue 0



T. SHARPE

FMMotel

Tyler hated how quiet his apartment felt at night. The walls hummed with the faint drone of his neighbors' televisions, but otherwise it was just him, alone with the pale glow of his laptop. His pants were already around his ankles.

The video playing was one he'd told himself he wouldn't click again: two men kneeling side by side, their mouths working hungrily up and down a stranger's cock, their faces slick with strings of pearly spit. Tyler's hand worked faster, heart pounding with shame. He'd told himself for years he was straight. He liked women—he did. But still, every few nights he wound up here, cock in his hand, watching men choke, gag, and swallow while some woman cheered them on.

When the man on the screen erupted, thick streams of cum painting both their faces, Tyler groaned, pumping harder, riding the edge of disgust and need. He came with a shudder, hot and messy over his fist, the shame immediate. He closed the tab, panting, wiping at himself with a T-shirt he'd probably have to throw out.

But his hand didn't go for sleep mode. Instead, it clicked the "classifieds" tab. The site was sleazy, filled with anonymous hookups and half-blurred photos. He scrolled until one headline stopped him cold:

"Married couple seeks open-minded first-timer. Discretion. Motel meet. No strings."

His cock stirred again, traitorous. Before he could overthink, he typed: Interested. First time. Tell me where.

The motel was a dive, all buzzing neon and nicotine-stained curtains. That was part of why he'd chosen it—neutral ground, no trace afterward. Tyler's hands trembled as he checked the room number against the message on his phone. His cock was already hard, a knot of nerves and hunger he'd never admitted to anyone before. Tonight he wasn't just another straight guy jerking off to porn in secret. Tonight, he was walking into something raw.

The door opened before he knocked.

"Come in," the man said—older, broad-shouldered, his beard salted with gray. His presence filled the doorway. Behind him, Tyler caught sight of her: dark hair spilling across pale shoulders, silk robe hanging open enough to expose the weight of her breasts. The air smelled of sweat and latex, sharp and animal.

The man locked the door, sliding the chain into place. "First time, huh?" His voice had that gravel that came from cigarettes and too much whiskey.

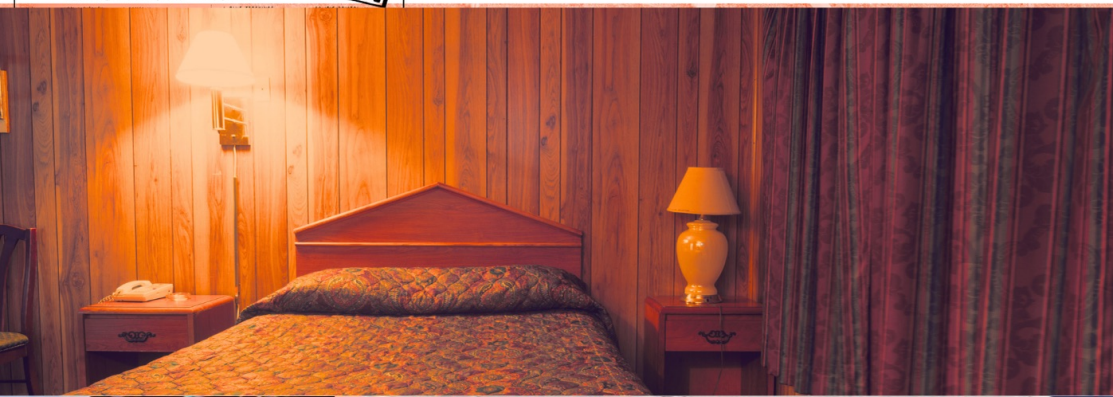
Tyler nodded, throat dry.

The woman smiled knowingly. "Don't be shy. We've been waiting."

She tugged him closer, pressing her mouth against his neck, while her husband stripped his shirt over his head. Tyler's pulse hammered. He'd thought he'd be with her first, but the man shoved him down onto the bed with a heavy hand.

"You'll take both of us. That's the deal."

Tyler's protest died on his tongue when the man's cock brushed against his lips, thick and demanding. His body betrayed him, cock aching, leaking in his jeans. He opened his mouth. The taste hit sharp—skin and salt, pre-cum bitter on his tongue.



The wife slid between his legs, unzipping him, freeing his cock. Her hand was warm, slicking him with spit before stroking hard.

Tyler's knees pressed into the worn carpet, his mouth stretched wide around the older man's cock. The weight of it was overwhelming, thick and insistent, shoving deep into his throat until his body spasmed. He gagged, strings of drool spilling onto his bare chest.

"Breathe through it," the man ordered, fist tight in Tyler's hair. "Take it like a good whore."

The wife crouched beside him, stroking his cheek with mock tenderness. Her robe had slipped open completely, nipples hard in the cold air. She watched with rapt delight, her free hand sliding down between her own thighs.

Tyler tried to brace himself, but then the man groaned, hips driving forward, cock swelling. A hot, bitter flood shot down his throat before he realized what was happening.

He jerked, choking. Cum filled his mouth, spilling past his lips as he gagged violently, half-swallowing, half-spitting, his eyes streaming. He doubled forward, nearly vomiting, the taste acrid and thick.

"Don't you waste it," the wife hissed.

She was on him instantly, fingers scooping the pearly mess from his lips and chin, shoving it back between his teeth. He coughed, tried to turn away, but she pressed her mouth to his. Her tongue forced his lips open as she spat the stolen load into him, kissing him deep, messy, relentless.

Cum smeared both their mouths, dripped down their chins. The husband knelt beside them, still hard, grabbing Tyler's face to force him into another filthy kiss. The three of them tangled together, mouths trading spit and semen until Tyler couldn't tell whose tongue or fluid he was tasting anymore.

"Swallow it," the husband growled.

Tyler obeyed, throat convulsing as the last of it slid down, leaving a bitter trail.

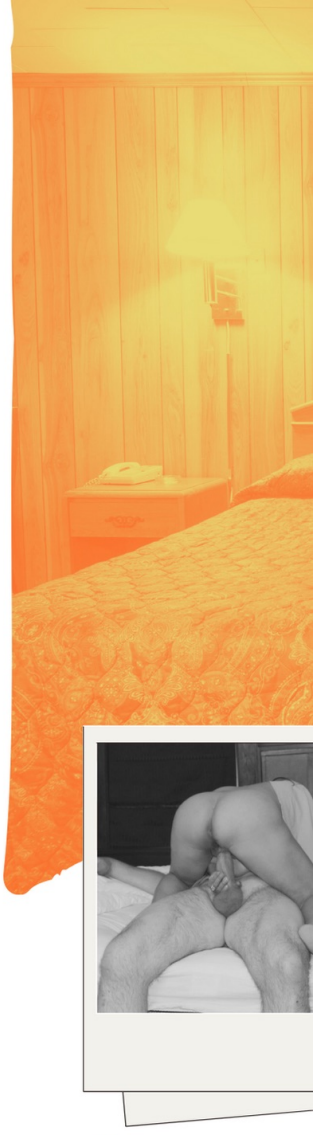
The wife laughed breathlessly. "He's so pretty like this. Ruined." Her hand slid down, wrapping around his cock, sticky from where his own cum had already leaked across his stomach. She pumped him mercilessly, wrist twisting, smearing his shaft with spit and what traces of the husband's release still clung to her fingers.

"Stroke for us," she whispered against his ear. "Stroke while we kiss you filthy."

The husband crashed his mouth against Tyler's again, their teeth clashing, tongues battling through the taste of him. The wife's hand was relentless, milking him faster, harder, until his thighs shook.

Tyler broke first—his cock erupting in heavy, desperate spurts across his stomach and chest. She caught some on her fingers, smearing it deliberately over his lips, over the husband's beard, then licking it herself with a groan.

The three of them collapsed into a tangle on the cheap motel bed, their mouths finding each other again and again, sticky with mingled cum and spit, the stench of sex heavy in the stagnant air.



"STROKE WHILE WE KISS YOU FILTHY."

Later, when they finally let him go, Tyler stood at the sink, splashing water on his raw face. His reflection was unrecognizable—hair matted, lips swollen, chin still glistening. He gripped the porcelain, trying to steady his shaking hands.

He should feel disgust. He should feel shame. But instead, a slow, dangerous heat curled in his gut. The porn had never come close to this. Nothing ever would.

When he left the room, the neon buzzed over him like a curse, and Tyler knew he'd be back.

story written by
Ryder Vale

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A ZINE THAT FUCKS

CREATED IN 2025

THE MOTEL DESK — Issue 0

A zine that fucks. This zero issue is our dry run: a seedy-classy sampler to show you the vibe—neon noir, Hopper-at-2am heat, human-made only. It's free and will be released as a downloadable PDF once the layout's set, so you can save it, print it, pass it along. Inside, you'll find the tone we're chasing for future issues: consent-centered, kink-friendly, smart and dirty in equal measure. Huge thanks to Ryder Vale for lighting the sign with their story "FMMotel." Doors are open for submissions—if your work smolders, slide it across the desk.

All Rooms Are Smoking.

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The Touch by Renée Vivien

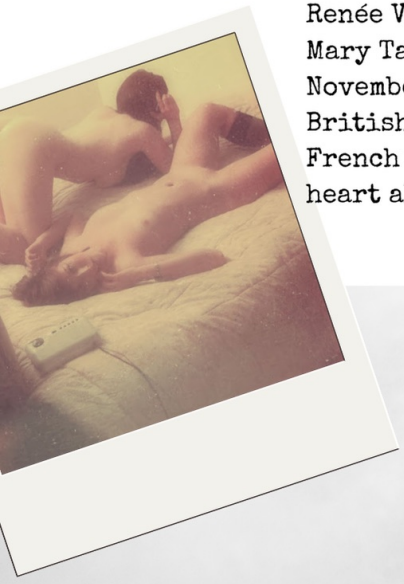
The trees have kept some lingering sun in their branches,
Veiled like a woman, evoking another time,
The twilight passes, weeping. My fingers climb,
Trembling, provocative, the line of your haunches.

My ingenious fingers wait when they have found
The petal flesh beneath the robe they part.
How curious, complex, the touch, this subtle art–
As the dream of fragrance, the miracle of sound.

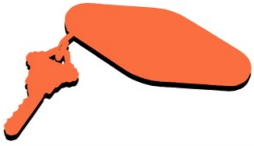
I follow slowly the graceful contours of your hips,
The curves of your shoulders, your neck, your unappeased breasts.
In your white voluptuousness my desire rests,
Swooning, refusing itself the kisses of your lips.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Renée Vivien, born Pauline Mary Tarn (11 June 1877 – 18 November 1909. Renee was a British poet who wrote in the French language. She took to heart all the mannerisms of



BEFORE YOU CHECK OUT:



House rules:

18+ only. No minors, no non-con, no hate/bigotry. Kink with care.
We're a zine that fucks—with taste, teeth, and consent.

The ice machine is humming, the neon stutters, and the sheets remember you.

If this issue left a heat-print on your skin, don't be shy—come back.

Book the next night:

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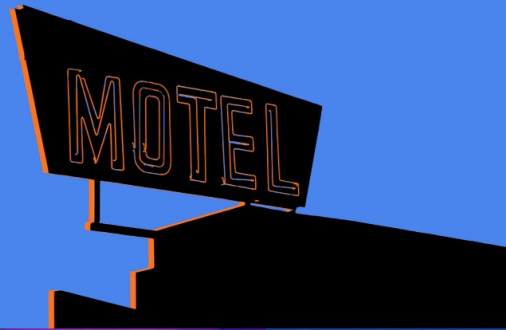
- Follow: The Motel Desk Zine on:

INSTAGRAM @The_Motel_Desk_Zine or on BluSky @themoteldesk.bsky.social— slip into our DMs.

- Tell a friend: leave our card on the nightstand.

leave something under the pillow:

- Submit: stories, flash, poems, visuals. Consent-centered, human-made. Email us your submission to → moteldeskzine@gmail.com
- Rights stay yours; we light your name in neon.
- Reprints welcome.



If you want your spicy images to be featured, email us at moteldeskzine@gmail.com

A special appreciation of Vérønîcå Vélöur and the Duo4Fun on Flickr